



THE
CHEMIST'S
CASKET.

~~~~~  
WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.  
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THE
CHILD'S CASKET.

WITH FINE ENGRAVINGS.



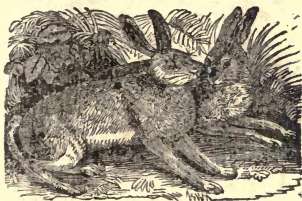
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The Child's Casket.

“DONT FIGHT BACK.”

“I love to kill woodchucks,” said the little son of Rev. Mr. C——. “I love to kill woodchucks, because they fight back; but I hate to kill rabbits, because they never fight back.”



This is a trait of nature. We have a natural sympathy for whatever suffers in a meek and unoffending manner; and we are always ready to crush the creature that resists attack. But we should not take nature for our guide, while we have revelation, which teaches us that we should love all God's creatures. We have no

right to destroy either the woodchuck or the rabbit, for mere pleasure. God has given us the beasts of the field for food ; but we should not sport with their lives, whether they " fight back " or not.

When I was a little boy, I loved the sports of fishing and gunning ; and I never then thought of the pain I was giving God's creatures. Once I went out to shoot some pigeons and I did not see any ; but, just as I was going to return home, I saw a poor little robin, singing merrily on a high tree. Now I thought I would fire off my charge, and kill the little robin, and then go home. So I fired, and down dropped the little



robin. I ran and took him up in my hand and as he lay quivering in death, he turned his little blood-shot eye full in mine, and opened his little mouth, and seemed to say, " What did you kill me for ? " His look went to my very soul, and I felt very badly ; so that when I thought to answer, " I killed you for sport," conscience, which now first awakened on the subject, said : " For sport ! For sport ! what right had you to kill

God's creatures for sport?" and I have never killed a bird since.

Now little boys should remember, that, when they kill robins, or any other little birds for sport, it may be sport to them, but it is death to the birds; and they have no more right to kill birds for sport, than men have to kill *them* for sport, and make their mothers cry. But wicked men do kill little boys, and girls, and women, and men, altogether, for glory; and that is worse than killing birds for sport.

They should always remember that, when they "fight back," they are more likely to be ill-treated than though they were mild and peaceable as rabbits. I would not have them run away like rabbits, but be as harmless as doves or as lambs, and then no one would hurt them. Men do indeed kill rabbits, and doves, and lambs to eat; but nobody kills little boys except for glory.

Were every body to possess more of the disposition of the rabbit, not to "fight back," what very different scenes we should witness in this world. Then, we should see none of those little broils, which now so often break out among children in the same family, at the school, or in the same neighborhood. What child or youth would think of striking a brother, or sister, or playmate, if he knew he would not "fight back," but would stand and look at him kindly, and with the gentleness of the rabbit? What man could find it in his heart, to attack a fellow-man, if he knew he would not resist? He would be the merest coward in the world, to assault such an one. And what civilized nation would be so cowardly

as to make war upon a nation unarmed and which they knew would not "fight back?" If all then were to learn not to resist—not to "fight back"—what would become of wars?

The story of the woodchucks and rabbits will suggest to children the propriety of uniting with good men in promoting the cause of peace; and in hastening on the time, when those cruel wars which make so many orphans and widows, and fill whole nations with blood and mourning, may be brought to an end. Learn not to trifle with the lives of any of God's creatures; learn, also, not to "fight back;" and do all you can to persuade all your little mates to imitate your example.



WINTER SPORT.

Down, down the hill
How swift I go!
Over the ice,
And over the snow!

A horse or cart
I do not fear,
For past them both
My sled I steer.

Hurra! my boy!	You'll dash me by;
I'm going down,	While full of glee,
While you toil up;	I'll up again
But never frown—	To dash by thee!
The far hill-top	So on we glide—
You soon will gain,	Oh, life of joy!
And then, with all	What pleasure has
Your might and main,	The glad schoolboy!



PLAYING IN CHURCH.

Sunday, at church, some naughty boys
 Were seated near my pew,
 Who laughed and talked, till by their noise,
 They my attention drew.

They listen'd not, they said no prayer,
 But briskly chatter'd on;

“The parson can not see us here,
That’s a good thing,” said one.

I fear these boys have not been taught,
That from the Lord on high,
They cannot hide one act or thought,
However they may try,

Where’er we are, whate’er we do,
Our God beholds us still.
Did they know this as well as you,
They’d not behave so ill.

Within God’s house they would not dare
To vent their idle mirth;
Humbly they’d kneel before Him there,
Who’s watch’d them from their birth.

LOST IN THE WOODS.

My little reader, did you ever lose yourself in the woods? Perhaps not, but many children have. I knew a boy and a girl named James and Fanny, who lived upon the slope of a mountain, more than a mile from a village.

A large part of the space between their house and the village was covered by forests; but these children were accustomed to go to school and to church through the woods, and their parents never felt any anxiety about them.

One morning, they set out to go to school; it was August, and the weather was warm and beautiful. In descending the mountain, they came to the brow of a hill, from which they could see a small blue lake.



This was surrounded by the forest, and seemed to be at no great distance. James had often seen it before, and wished to go to it, but, on the present occasion, he could not withstand the temptation to pay it a visit. Accordingly, he sat out, having persuaded Fanny to accompany him.

They pushed on through the woods for some time, in the direction of the lake, and at length, supposed they must be very near to it; but on coming to a little eminence, and catching a glimpse of the blue water between the trees, it still seemed as distant as before.

They were not discouraged, however, but again went forward for some time. At length, Fanny said to her brother, that they had better return and go to school. James replied, that it was too late to get to school in time, and he

thought the better way was to make a holiday of it. They would return home at the usual time, and their parents would know nothing about it.

"I don't like that plan," said little Fanny, for our parents expect us to go to school, and if we do not go, we disobey them. Besides, if we spend the day in play and say nothing about it, and let them think we have been at school, we deceive them, and that is as bad as telling a lie."

"Oh, nonsense!" said James; "we'll tell them we lost our way, or something of the kind. Don't you be afraid. I'll manage that matter, so come along."

Little Fanny went forward, but she was sad at heart; and James too, conscious of disobedience and deception, felt unhappy; but he put on a brave face, and sang, or whistled, as he proceeded.

Again the two children came to a place where they could see the little lake, and, strange to tell, it seemed about as far off now, as when they first set out to visit it.

The fact was, they had been deceived; for the lake was much farther off than it appeared to be. They had already spent two hours in their attempt to reach it; and, after some consultation, they determined to give up their enterprise, and go back.

But now their task commenced. They had pursued no beaten path, and they had nothing to guide them in their return. The sky which had been so clear in the morning, was now

overshadowed with thick clouds. Uncertain of the course they ought to pursue, they still went forward with trembling and anxious haste.

Coming at length to the foot of a cliff, they paused, being overcome with fatigue. James sat down and buried his face in his hands.

"What is the matter?" said Fanny. "We have lost our way, and shall never find our home again," said James. "We have lost our way, no doubt," said Fanny, "but I hope and trust we shall find our way out of the woods. This is come upon us James, because of our disobedience."

"I know it, Fanny," said James; "but it was my disobedience, and not yours, and I am so unhappy because my wickedness has brought you into trouble; and besides, I intended to deceive our parents. I can not but wonder now, how I could think of such a thing."

"Well, James," said Fanny, "let this be a lesson to us both; and now we must proceed, and try to find our way out of the wood."

Accordingly, they went forward with great diligence; but having rambled about for nearly four hours, supposing all the time they were going towards their home, they came back to the very spot, beneath the cliff, where they had sat down and rested themselves before.

They were now quite discouraged, and almost broken-hearted. They had picked some berries in their rambles, so that they were not very hungry; but their fatigue was so great, that, after lying side by side upon the sloping bank for a while, they both fell asleep.



It was about midnight when Fanny awoke. She had been dreaming that she and her brother had wandered away, and lost themselves in the forest: that, overcome with fatigue, they had thrown themselves down on the earth at the foot of a cliff, and fell asleep, and that they were awakened from their sleep by hearing the call of their father, ringing through the solitude.

It was at this point of her dream, that Fanny awoke. For a moment, she was bewildered, but soon recollected where she was. She cast her eye about and saw that no shelter was over her, but the starry canopy of heaven.

She looked around, and could see nothing but the ragged outline of the hills against the sky. She listened, and seemed to feel that the voice heard in her dream was a reality, and that she should hear it again. But she now heard only the solitary chirp of a cricket, and the mournful shivering of the leaves.

She sat some time, almost afraid to make the slightest noise, yet feeling such a sense of desolation that she must wake up her brother.

She was stretching out her hand for the purpose of waking him, when she seemed to hear the call of her father, as she had heard it in her dream. She listened intently, her little heart beating with the utmost anxiety.

She waited for several minutes, when full, and clear, and at no great distance, she heard her father call "James!" The little girl sprang to her feet, and screamed with all her might, "Here, here we are, father!" James was soon awakened, and, with some difficulty, the father came down the cliff and clasped his children in his arms.

I need not say, that this painful adventure was remembered by James and Fanny, long after they had ceased to be children; and they were both accustomed to say, that it was of importance to them through life, in impressing upon them the necessity of obedience to parents, and the wickedness of all attempts to deceive them.

Let me remark to my youthful readers, that if pleasure ever tempts them to forsake the path of duty, I hope they will remember, that like the blue lake which seemed so beautiful and near to the eyes of our little wanderers, and which was yet inaccessible to them, it will probably disappoint their efforts to obtain it.



THE PRISONER SET FREE.

Thomas, a little country boy, caught a squirrel in the woods, and carried it home to his brothers and sisters. When they saw it, they jumped for joy. It had a long bushy tail and a pair of bright eyes. It looked frightened.— Thomas gave it nuts, but it would not eat. It looked as if it wished itself back in the woods, and tried to run away. Thomas had tied a string around its neck so that it could not run away.

“Poor little thing,” said Mary, “it wants its liberty.”

Liberty! That was something Thomas had not thought of. The thought had not come into his head that the squirrel could never be happy in slavery. The more he thought about it, the more he felt that he ought to set it free. At last he summoned up all his resolution, caught up the squirrel, and ran back to the woods. He put it down under the tree where he first saw it. The squirrel darted up the tree, and was in a minute on one of the highest branches. He looked down and chirruped loudly, as if to thank Thomas for giving him his liberty, and the little boy certainly did not feel less happy for doing as his conscience told him was right.



PENNY WISE.

Grand-mamma gave Jane a penny,
Because she said her lesson well ;
And Jane saw pretty things, so many,
Which was best, she scarce could tell.

At the toy-shop she stood gazing,
Still she could not make a choice ;
To a doll her eye was raising,
When she heard a feeble voice

Wish her every good and blessing,
If a farthing she would spare ;
The beggar said his wants were pressing,
And pointed to his silver hair.

Jane heard, and freely gave her penny ;
A tear was in the old man's eye ;
Jane bought no doll, nor had she any,
Wish, a single toy to buy.

THE IMPATIENT PUPIL.

“It is of no use Mr. W.” said Sophia, “for me to attempt writing composition. I read in the Repository, the other day, that by care and attention, any one could learn to write who chose. Now, here I have been the whole morning, attempting a letter to Sarah Miller. I wish I never had begun—it is only fit for the fire: and, so saying, she gave it a toss into a Lehigh fire, which soon destroyed all her labor, and left only the quivering remains of the paper lodged against the back of the chimney.

After the geographical exercises were over, the teacher requested his pupils to bring him their exercises. Miss Sophia, of course, was delinquent. She bitterly regretted that she had been so hasty as to destroy her letter, poor as it was; for, in leaning over Agnes White’s shoulder, she read her first attempt, which she would not have been ashamed to have had compared with hers. This the teacher pronounced very well for a first exercise. But one moment’s hasty act may cause weeks of repentance.

Sophia attempted to sit down and write from memory; what she had destroyed. But the mind that is not at ease, is in a poor state for composing, or remembering any thing but the cause of its uneasiness. She dreaded a mark of displeasure from her teacher, yet she knew she deserved it; and as she was deficient, she incurred it. But where was the trouble, and why was she so perplexed, I hear some little folks inquire?



The answer may be given in one word, *impatience*. This little girl was desirous of doing more and better than a young beginner could do—for we must all recollect that perfection in any thing, is not the work of a moment.

I remember, not long since reading an account of a man, who thought, as he was extravagantly fond of poetry, that he could *write it*, as well as *read it*. He accordingly took his pen, ink, and paper, and attempted to make his second line rhyme with the first. Nothing that would make sense, suggested itself. But he did not despair: he labored the harder, the more he felt his deficiencies; and finally, became one of the sweetest Poets of the age. I have often told children, that perseverance will do every thing. If there be one spark of talent, depend on it, assiduity and deep study will draw it forth. Never be discouraged since from the most insignificant beginnings, the greatest productions have been achieved.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Perhaps a brighter autumnal morning never dawned, than that upon which little Frances had set her heart to visit her playmate who was then living about five miles distant.

“I wish,” said her mother, “I could induce you to give up your anticipated pleasure to-day, and to-morrow I will cheerfully attend you—but to-day, I shall be obliged to send you alone.”

But Frances, with many virtues had likewise her faults, which cast a shade over the loveliness of her character—and one of the most disagreeable ones was, an undoubted desire to gratify her own wishes, whatever they might be. This fault was what we call *obstinacy*.

These were the weeds, which if rooted out, would have left her pure and lovely—for all children know how timidly we seize the rose whose stem is thickly studded with thorns. To be sure, the tears of sorrow would generally succeed, when she had wounded the feelings of others—but these were worthless, as she did not learn the salutary lesson of self-control.

She was the idol of her parents, and their only child. Her beauty gained her many admirers, who are attracted only by the *outward* appearance; and before her form and features had attained their full proportions, she unfortunately attracted the love of display, and *fancied* herself the foremost among her equals.

I will tell you, my little reader, to what she might be compared. In the season of flowers you have seen the gaudy tulip displaying its charms, and perhaps raising its head over the more delicate violet, as if to hide the attractions of the modest flower at its side, which could boast of more fragrance and beauty, than she in all her rich attire. So was Frances among her companions.

But to return to my story. She was fully bent upon her visit this day, and no other would answer her purpose as well. She felt, it is true,



some uneasiness—her conscience was not as light, her cheek had an unusual flush, and a faint smile, half forced, was upon her lips. This was the consciousness of doing wrong, and disobeying her mother's wishes.

But the sky was unclouded, the bright purple and yellow tinge of autumn was upon the foliage of nature, the hills were covered with cattle, and by and by, the white steeple of the church before her friend's house appeared in sight. Yet the enjoyment of a heart conscious of departure from duty is always short and imperfect. Frances alighted at the door—but no one opened it—she ran in, and saw her little friend's father sitting in an easy chair, with his foot laid upon a high cricket, enduring the excruciating agony of the disease, called *the gout*.

Frances was struck speechless at first sight—I am sorry, said Mr. R. that you selected to-day to visit my daughter, for I have sent her from home, because the physicians meet to-day to devise something for my relief.

Gladly would Frances have given any thing could she, at that moment, have found herself back again at home. But the carriage had gone, and no alternative remained but for her to stay. It was a long and dreary day—for one suffering from disease is a dull companion to a little girl whose anticipations were only those of unalloyed pleasure.

But did you never observe, when you have deviated from duty, how all the circumstances of life seem against us? Nothing looks cheer-

ful: we feel a disposition to sigh, rather than laugh—to murmur, rather than rejoice. And this is because we are smarting under the stings of remorse, which is more racking than the burning cheek of a fever. Frances, as might be conjectured, returned home that night dissatisfied with herself, and her visit. She would not confess her error and regret, that she had been so disappointed; for her heart was proud, and she disdained to acknowledge her fault.

But this temper, as it spread out its troublesome growth, became almost insupportable, not only to herself, but to her friends. She was never happy; and when age and experience taught her the folly of its indulgence, she would only reply, "If I had only attended to it when young, I should have saved myself a life of misery."

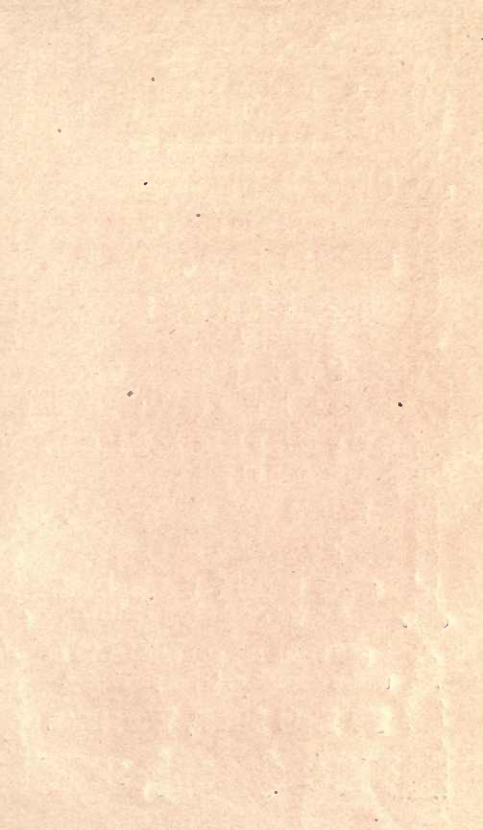
Do not complain then, when you are disappointed in any favorite pursuit. I know some children who always give way to anger, when any thing crosses their inclinations—but this is only laying up for themselves a bitter day of repentance in after life. Bear patiently, those things which to you may seem wrong—always remembering how much more preferable it is "to suffer, rather than do wrong."

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look upon a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet gray;
For it stirs the blood of an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a merry eye.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smother'd call,
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.





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